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Akashi Seijuro's Extraordinary Ordinary Life

by [bexara](#)

Summary

Furihata has something Akashi wants, and it is a surprise to both of them.

Akashi never knew he was looking for ordinary until he found it.

Furihata never knew his dream of playing basketball to get a cute girlfriend would instead result with him getting an amazing, intimidating, beautiful boyfriend until that very boy threatened him not once but twice.

Notes

Spoilers up to and including current chapters. Written for several tumblr followers who have been hankering for AkaFuri.

Akashi never knew he was looking for ordinary until he found it.

"But ... there's someone who shouldn't be here. Sorry, but right now I only want to talk to my comrades. Can you please leave?"

That was the beginning, when he had gathered his former teammates, the Generation of Miracles, together. Though he took no pride in the appellation. Akashi simply accepted it as his due. They were prodigies, winners, and thus it was only natural that others should whisper the name of Teiko's geniuses with reverence, should tremble in wake of their every step. Yes, like the puppy quaking at Tetsuya's side as Akashi looked down on them all.

The puppy shouldn't have been there, shouldn't have intruded where he didn't belong. Only the strong, only the victors had the right to be in the circle Akashi had created. Clearly, the timid, unassuming creature shivering and shaking in his very presence was neither.

Then something curious happened. The puppy didn't leave, disobeying Akashi's request. No one disobeyed him.

Maybe, no it was probably due to fear. Like a wounded animal cowering before a predator, the boy probably couldn't move. Still, he *had* defied Akashi and that was enough to at least make Rakuzan's captain remember him. Though Kagami had come and immediately pulled Akashi's attention away.

It wasn't until later, after Seirin had advanced through the Winter Cup and finally faced Kaijō, that the puppy showed back up on Akashi's radar. When Seirin announced a surprise member change, he found out the puppy actually had a name: Furihata Kouki.

Sitting in the stands, Akashi watched the substitution indifferently. Furihata was already sweating, tremors so violent racking his body even people in the stands noticed. Akashi didn't expect much from the new player. Rather, it would be more accurate to say he had no expectations at all.

Furihata was obviously weak, without any special talent hidden away, such as Tetsuya's lack of presence, to redeem him. Weak and absolutely, undeniably, hopelessly ordinary. He shouldn't have been standing on the court at all, surrounded by talented players ten times his worth.

But stand he did. With his knees knocking together and his eyes blazing fear, Furihata the coward, the ordinary, walked out onto that polished floor ... and he actually made a difference, even looked kind of cool pulling his teammates together.

The faintest hint of what might have been puzzlement pricked Akashi's mind. With monsters like Kise and Kagami there, the little, brown-haired puppy should have been insignificant. Yet he wasn't, was actually altering the flow of the game.

Akashi didn't realize it, but his interest in Furihata had been irrevocably piqued right then and there.

Seirin's championship game against Rakuzan blew that interest wide open.

Who would have thought someone like Furihata would dare stand before Akashi, a Chihuahua before a lion, a peasant before an emperor? Would stand and fight with everything he had, even as terror, so palatable it radiated out from him in waves, gripped his slender frame? It was cute, really, the whole situation, the boy trembling before him, but it wouldn't change anything.

Or it shouldn't have.

Akashi, who was always right, who was always vindicated by his triumphs, miscalculated. He stopped marking Furihata, believing his weakness, his ordinariness, his cute puppy-like shivering was not a threat. And then puppy scored.

The surprise was enough to pull a sound of disgust from his lips. Disgust at his own mistake.

A second later, his dual-colored eyes widened. He'd actually let his irritation take voice. No, the fact that he had cause to be irritated at all was the shocking thing. Akashi's gaze zeroed in on Furihata. As if sensing those red-gold orbs boring into him, Seirin's substitute member glanced over and their eyes locked. Akashi didn't know his stare was so intense, so scary, that Furihata almost fainted on the spot.

Afterward, the puppy didn't take Akashi by surprise again, Rakuzan's captain predictably crushing the other first year. He was pulled off the court, but that move didn't satisfy Akashi in the least. Throughout the rest of the game, while the majority of his focus stayed on his opponents, a part of his mind kept turning back to Furihata, to that ordinary shot that was really anything but ordinary since Akashi had not expected it, to that determined face, a face he suddenly couldn't stop thinking of.

Akashi thought and thought and thought some more, but no matter which way his mind turned, no matter how he dissected it, ordinary should never have beaten a genius. Yet, for a brief moment in time, it had.

Unable to exorcise these restless thoughts, Akashi, who was never impulsive, did something completely out of character.

Lined up after the game had ended, the result of which was no longer of any consequence to him, Akashi found Furihata's eyes and narrowed his own.

"Furihata Kouki, be ready for next time."

With those ominous words hanging on the air, he turned and walked away.

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Furihata never knew his dream of playing basketball to get a cute girlfriend would instead result with him getting an amazing, intimidating, beautiful boyfriend until that very boy threatened him not once but twice.

The first time he had met Akashi Seijuro, with his amber eye staring out from beneath scarlet red hair, his presence itself so crushing Furihata found it almost impossible to breathe, he'd thought Kuroko's former captain was a demon come to life. When Akashi had spoken, scaring the hell out of him with that soft but chilling order to leave, he'd known it.

Surrounded by legends, he'd felt small and frightened and hopelessly ordinary. He'd wanted to retreat as far and fast as he could with his tail between his legs, a shameful thing to admit but Furihata held no illusions about himself. He worked hard, tried hard, gave more than 100% of himself, but he would still never even come close to measuring up to the Generation of Miracles. Thank god Kagami had arrived when he did.

The second time he came face to face with Akashi was on the court, which made the meeting about a million times terrifying than the previous one.

On the bench, he'd had an up close view of Akashi's awesome basketball prowess. It had been daunting, but also electrifying. Furihata had sat there, fists clenched on his knees, leaning so far forward it was a wonder he didn't fall right out of his seat. Seirin had faced absurdly strong players before, but Akashi seemed to exceed them all.

Coach putting him into the game had come as a shock, being told to mark Akashi had been a nightmare.

But he did it. Sweat pouring off his body, muscles quivering with dread, he'd stood before *the* Akashi Seijuro, and had nearly passed right out. Only his teammates faith had kept him grounded, kept him on his feet, though he did trip once. That faith kept him going, and maybe something else, too. Maybe he wanted those amazing, mysterious, commanding amber and crimson eyes to actually see him, to notice him, to recognize even cowards, even ordinary could make a difference.

There's no way he could have anticipated, however, just how much notice Akashi would *actually* take in him.

"Furihata Kouki, be ready for next time."

It came as a shock, that ... what was it? a *warning to be prepared if they played each other again? a threat? a declaration of future assassination?*

Furihata shook his head vehemently at that last, wild thought, but as Akashi's slender back disappeared out of sight, his knees gave out anyway. He caught himself with his hands before he could face plant onto the floor. With his palms braced against the glossy wood, he wondered just what Akashi had planned for him and if, by some miracle, he could survive it.

Turns out he could, though it was touch and go for a while.

When his doorbell rang the following Sunday, Furihata lazily rolled off his sofa. Because he had no practice, no tests to study for, not a single activity he needed to do, he'd been lounging around in his sweats. He hadn't even bothered to comb his hair that morning. It wasn't like anyone was

going to see him anyway, or at least that's what he thought until he heard the doorbell.

Yawning widely, he padded to the door, scratching his belly on the way.

"Yes?" he mumbled as he opened the door, hand still under his shirt.

"I believe I told you to be ready," a voice sweet as honey but sharp as a steel blade greeted him.

A stone statue would have had more life in it than Furihata at that moment.

The seconds ticked by with agonizing slowness until he finally gathered the courage to lift his eyes. His ears had not deceived him. Right there, on his doorstep, a Miracle stood waiting, a Miracle with impatient eyes the colors of a summer sunrise.

*Wh-wh-whaaaaat?!* What was Akashi Seijuuro doing at his house? Furihata's knuckles whitened from the sudden death grip he had on the doorknob.

"Well, are you just going to stand there blocking the door or are you going to let me in?"

Furihata blinked owlshly. "Y-you want to come in?"

Akashi sighed. "Isn't that what one usually does when they visit someone else?"

"Well y-yes but—"

Apparently Akashi was done with the pleasantries. "Furihata Kouki."

The way he said Furihata's name had the other boy standing up straighter than when his fourth grade teacher used to call on him in class.

"Yes!" Hands at his side, back stiff as a board, Furihata waited for certain death.

It didn't come.

"Please move." Akashi calmly took a step forward but his intent was clear. The intimidating redhead was coming in whether Furihata moved or not.

He moved.

As Akashi passed by to take off his shoes, Furihata absently noted again that they were almost the same height, but the inch separating them could have been a foot or more, Akashi's presence loomed that large.

Closing the door, he followed Akashi into his living room. The other boy looked completely out of place, surrounded by Furihata's extremely common furnishings. Even though it was Sunday, Akashi was impeccably dressed. He wore dark slacks, a black pullover vest and a pale button up that fit the length of his arms perfectly. He even wore a tie. Akashi was the embodiment of wealth and culture and elegance.

Furihata felt like a slob in comparison.

Nervously plucking at his white t-shirt, he summoned an apologetic smile. "I'm sorry, my house isn't really anything special. I wasn't expecting guests today." Especially not Akashi freaking Seijuuro!

Hands in his pockets, Akashi surveyed the room. "Yes, it's quite ordinary."

Ouch! Furihata had just more or less said the same thing, but hearing it from someone else, and in such a dismissive way, was something else entirely. He laughed weakly, but his heart was screaming, *Kuroko, Kagami, senpai, anyone! Please help meeee!*

Akashi's attention swung back to Furihata. That startling gaze roamed over him, examining him so thoroughly that Furihata started to fidget.

"You cannot go out like that. Take me to your room. Hopefully you have something suitable to

wear.”

Feeling like he was completely missing something, Furihata surreptitiously pinched his own arm to assure himself this wasn't a dream.

“Um, am I going somewhere?” The question sounded idiotic to his own ears and he winced.

“I believe I have already told you, at the end of our match last week. I dislike repeating myself. Please remember that.”

*But you didn't tell me anything!* he wanted to cry, but was too scared to do it.

Since it was apparent that he really *was* clueless, Akashi sighed again. “I told you to be prepared for next time, remember? It's ‘next time.’”

“Er, you weren't talking about the next time we played?”

“Of course not. I obviously meant next Sunday when we would go on our date.”

“Oh, yeah, I should have realized that's what yo—*ehhhhhhh?*!” Furihata was nodding his head and agreeing when Akashi's words sank in.

Wait, how could anything in what Akashi have said even hinted he had been talking about a date? No, wait! *What the hell did he mean by date?!*

“Wh – you – that – I – you,” he tried to speak, but Furihata's thoughts weren't even making sense at the moment, there's no way his words could.

Akashi seemed to find that amusing. He smiled, not the scary grin from that day before the Winter Cup, but a gently amused smile that softened his face. It made him look young, kind, attractive, and was enough to stop Furihata's freak out right in its tracks.

“You really are as excitable as a puppy, aren't you?”

*Puppy? Him?* Furihata opened his mouth to, well to say something (he hoped), but Akashi walked toward him and continued speaking.

“Furihata Kouki you are extremely unremarkable.”

Furihata flinched at the bald statement, but he couldn't contradict it.

“You aren't handsome.”

Another stab.

Furihata started to wonder if he had pissed Akashi off so badly at the game that the other boy had come over just to insult him.

“You don't seem particularly intelligent either.”

*Stab.*

Dammit! He might not be remarkable or handsome or smart, but that didn't mean he had to stand there and take it from someone like Akashi who was actually all of those things and more.

With a bravado he didn't feel in the slightest, he lifted his chin and tried to stare Akashi down.

“S-so what? Why do you care anyway? I'm just some guy you played against for like two minutes.”

While he was busy congratulating himself for getting all of that out, Akashi had made it to him, standing so close he could count every red lash surrounding those heterochromatic eyes.

“I care because it seems I am attracted to ordinary, Furiha-no *Kouki*.” Akashi put his hands on the shorter boy's shoulders. “At first I thought it was just curiosity, a desire to understand how I could

have underestimated you. But I had all week to ruminate on it. I have fallen for you, Kouki. Please take responsibility.”

Then he did the most unexpected thing of all, he leaned in and kissed Furihata right on the mouth.

Furihata’s initial impression was that Akashi’s lips were softer than they looked. No, that’s not what he should be thinking of! Akashi Seijuuro, Rakuzan’s Emperor, the Generation of Miracles’ genius captain, was kissing him, Furihata Kouki, right in the middle of his shabby, commoner’s living room!

How did this happen? Why was it happening? What should he ... do ...

Against his will, his eyelashes fluttered shut. The lips that moved over his were skilled, confident, teasing and coaxing until his mouth parted all on its own. He could feel Akashi’s satisfaction a moment before the other’s tongue thrust against his. White-hot lightening sizzled down his spine at the contact.

It shouldn’t have felt good, but it did. He shouldn’t have sank into the kiss with a moan, but he did. Furihata had never kissed anyone before, and the pleasure, so new, so warm, so sweet, robbed him of all rational thought.

“Do you understand stand now, Kouki?”

Breathless, witless, Furihata nodded. “No.”

Akashi laughed and the smooth, delicious sound, one he had never heard before, hit him like a punch in the belly.

“You’ll learn, even if I have to ingrain that knowledge right into your body itself.”

That sounded ... scary! It sounded freaking scary! Furihata had the urge to quickly and with the utmost haste haul butt away from there.

Grabbing his hand, Akashi proceeded to tug him toward the hall. “Now then, let’s go to your room so you can change.”

He didn’t wait for Furihata to answer and Seirin’s brown-haired, brown-eyed Chihuahua could only follow dazedly along.

End

### *Epilogue*

They were at the ice cream parlor to celebrate their three-month anniversary. Akashi had asked Furihata what he wanted for their anniversary and the other boy had blurted out “Ice cream.” He’d then promptly blushed beet red when Akashi chuckled.

The past few months had been interesting, entertaining, and, above all, ordinary. Akashi had played video games at the arcade. He’d eaten ramen at a street stall. He’d watched the sunset from Tokyo Tower, went to the movies, talked and texted on his phone like any other high school boy, and he’d never been happier.

The pressure of his name, his father’s expectations, his own deep-seated drive to always win, it was all still there, but was tempered by the boy standing next to him, nervously pulling on the tie Akashi had bought him, glancing around the shop with that anxious look of his that seemed to say “What the heck am I doing here?” Akashi found it adorable.

It wasn’t like he had changed or anything. Akashi was still kind and gentle to those he cared about, was still cold and intimidating to everyone else, but he had begun to reevaluate a few of his preconceptions. Being a genius didn’t necessarily equal happiness, and being ordinary was not a sentence to an unfulfilling life. Effort, while not as important as winning, also deserved some measure of respect. Furihata had shown him that.

“What flavor do you want?” he asked once they found a table. “Vanilla or chocolate?”

Furihata, whose mind had obviously been somewhere else, jumped. “Yes!”

Akashi laughed again, something he had been doing with more frequency. The other boy flushed.

“It’s a simple question, Kouki,” Akashi smiled gently. “Chocolate or vanilla, which flavor do you want.”

“Ch-cholate. Oh, but I can buy my own.” He started to dig in his pocket, but Akashi’s fingers closing over his stopped him.

“We’re on a date, remember? It’s my treat.”

Furihata looked down at their joined hands and the red in his cheeks deepened. “Al-alright.”

Giving his hand a little squeeze, Akashi let go and walked toward the counter. A large, beefy man with a bald head and a tattoo on his neck bumped into Akashi on the way.

“Watch what you’re doing, brat,” the man snarled.

Akashi didn’t say anything. He didn’t have to. The man took one look at the boy’s face, at those eyes that could be soft when looking at his loved one but that were now glittering with deadly menace, and he turned white as a sheet. Without waiting for his order, he spun away and scuttled right out the door.

Later Akashi would think ice cream might have been a mistake. Not because of that ill-bred oaf, but because he had to sit there and watch Furihata nibble, lick, suck and slurp the frozen treat. And if he was watching, that meant all the other patrons in the store might be watching Furihata’s unconsciously erotic actions, too. Not acceptable, he’d gouge out their eyes before he allowed them to see something so arousing.

At that moment, thirteen people felt a chill of apprehension run down their backs. Their gazes searched for the cause of their unease and when their eyes lit on Akashi, saw his black, murderous aura, to a one they decided no amount of frozen tasty goodness was worth their lives. The shop emptied in less than a minute.

“Huh, I wonder why they all left like that.” Furihata watched the last one go with a puzzled frown.

“Hmm.” Akashi murmured, simply happy the would-be voyeurs had vanished. “Aside from that, Kouki, you do realize your ice cream is melting all over your hand.”

Furihata looked down. “Waah!” He fumbled for the napkins on the table, but he didn’t need them.

Akashi reached out, taking hold of Furihata’s wrist. Before the other boy could realize his intent, he brought Furihata’s hand to his mouth and sucked one chocolate covered finger between his lips.

His eyes snared Furihata’s while his tongue laved and lapped the sweetness away. Furihata swallowed hard and fidgeted, his breath starting to come in fast, ragged pants. Akashi smiled around his finger.

“There, all clean,” he withdrew and murmured.

Pulling his hand up to his chest, Furihata blinked a few times. “Ak—,” he had to clear his voice, “Akashi-kun, that’s um that’s not something you should do in public.”

“Ohh, so it’s okay if I do it in private? I’ll take that as an invitation, then.”

Not allowing Furihata time to think or protest, he grabbed their ice cream cones and threw them away, then snagged the shorter boy’s hand and pulled him up from his seat.

Akashi didn’t let go until they reached his house, even though Furihata had stammered and stuttered that it was embarrassing.

“Isn’t this more embarrassing?” he asked an hour later when he was seated so deeply inside Furihata’s body that it would be hard to tell where one of them ended and the other began.

He knew the sound of his voice turned his lover on, and when Furihata shivered, tightening around him, he groaned at the overwhelming pleasure.

“*Akashi-kun*,” Furihata panted his name, arching and twisting beneath him, face pink and damp, eyes wide and glazed with passion.

It inflamed him, warming even that cold spot at the center of his being that had never been touched before.

Rearing up, he moved harder, faster. The sensation of skin sliding against skin, the sound of flesh hitting flesh, the smell of lust and love, all of it adding to ecstasy of the moment.

And it wasn’t enough, wouldn’t be enough until Furihata was crying, trembling, gasping, coming apart in his arms.

He rolled over, taking the other male with him, not letting the connection between their bodies break.

“Ride me, Kouki,” he ordered in that tone, the one that brooked no arguments, allowed no resistance.

Furihata squeezed his eyes shut, visibly embarrassed, but he put his palms on Akashi’s stomach, fingers digging into the hard muscles. Lifting his hips, he started to ride.

Akashi would never tire of this sight, of Furihata moving on him, holding onto him, nipples pink and stiff, chest heaving, cock hard and weeping, sweating and moaning and racing toward orgasm.

A million victories would still not be enough to outweigh the beauty and joy of this moment.

Once it was over, once they had found release and the passion had subsided, Akashi held Furihata in his arms while their breathing returned to normal, brushing damp, brown bangs out of the shorter boy’s eyes. No triumph could top this, either, this feeling of pure contentment.

After a few minutes, Furihata stirred, turning to look up into Akashi’s dual-colored eyes.

“Um, Akashi-kun,” he struggled for a bit, clearly trying to gather the courage to continue. “Why,” he finally blurted out, “why me? I mean, I’m glad, because I uh I really like you.” The perpetual blush on his face burned brighter and he sort of mumbled the last part. “But, I don’t understand. You’re so amazing and I’m just ... ordinary.”

Akashi kissed his forehead and pulled him closer, tucking the other’s head under his chin. “That’s why.”

He felt Furihata frown against his chest. “I don’t get it.”

Lips curving, he burrowed into the pillows and closed his eyes. “It’s alright if you don’t understand. That’s one of the things I like about you.”

“You like that I’m stupid? I don’t know if that makes me feel any better.” His voice was muffled, but Akashi heard the pout in it.

His smile widened. “Not stupid, cute.”

“I’m not happy to hear that either!”

“Deal with it. I’m always right, remember?”

Furihata huffed but didn’t say anything else. Neither did Akashi, and they eventually drifted off to sleep only to wake up later and make love all over again.



This was Akashi's extraordinary ordinary life, and he relished it.

End

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